

1

Bell's Edition.

H E N R Y V I I I .

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

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M D C C L X X X V I .

Will's Edition

H E W R Y W I L L

27

WILL'S SHAKSPEARE

Printed Complete from the Text

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEPHENS

And revised from the last Edition.

When I was a young man, I was very fond of reading the works of the great Shakespeare. I have now, after many years, returned to the study of his works, and find them as interesting and valuable as ever. I have therefore, in this edition, endeavored to give a more complete and accurate representation of his works than has hitherto been published. I have also, in some places, corrected the errors of the former editions, and added some new notes and observations. I hope this edition will be found useful and entertaining to all who are fond of the study of the great Shakespeare.

Sam. Johnson

London

Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

1793

Price 10s.

OBSERVATIONS 374

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

H E N R Y VIII.

WE are unacquainted with any dramatic piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry. "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stow, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

The

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian. JOHNSON.

P R O L O G U E.

I Come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree, 10
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is (beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring 20
 To make that only true we now intend),
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye : Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living ; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat

*Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.*

30

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Eighth.
Cardinal WOLSEY. Cardinal CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of NORFOLK. Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK. Earl of SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain. Sir THOMAS AUDLEY, Lord-Keeper.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of LINCOLN. Lord ABERGAVENNY. Lord SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD. Sir THOMAS LOVEL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY. Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Sir WILLIAM SANDS.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usber to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, Physician to the King.
GARTER, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Serjeant at Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

WOMEN.

Queen KATHARINE.
ANNE BULLEN.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows. Women at-
tending upon the Queen ; Spirits, which appear to her.
Scribes, Officers. Guards, and other Attendants.
The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster ; once at
Kimbelton.



H E N R Y V I I I .

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Antichamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:

I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;

B i j

Beheld

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was single ; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day 21
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's : To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour 30
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform 40
Beyond

Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function. 50

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he 61
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
For, being not propt by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon

For high feats done to the crown ; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like, 71
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ; 80
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out, 90
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,

But

But minister communication of

A most poor issue ?

100

Nor. Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values

The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was

A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke

Into a general prophecy—That this tempest,

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboated

The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;

110

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd ?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ; and purchas'd

At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,

120

The state takes notice of the private difference

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you

(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you

Honour and plenteous safety), that you read

The cardinal's malice and his potency

Together : to consider further, that

What his high hatred would effect, wants not

A minister in his power : You know his nature,

That

That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend, 131
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
 rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the Purse borne before him,
 certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers.
 The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his Eye on BUCK-
 INGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of
 Disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
 Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
 ingham 140

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal, and his Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks

Matter

Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd 150
Me, as his abject object : at this instant
He bores me with some trick : He's gone to the
king ;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself, 160
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not, 170
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along

By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but 180
From sincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't; his mind and place 190
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd, 200
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,

Under

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt 210
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course, 219
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and
 two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it. 220

Serj. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

Arrest

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on 240
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[To ABERG.

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further. 250

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux. 260

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran.

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold : my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. Cornet. Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir THOMAS LOVEL. The Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet, on his right Side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy ; and give thanks 270
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A Noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

C.

King.

King. Arise, and take your place by us :—Half your
suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it. 280

Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance : There have been commis-
sions 289

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties :—wherein, although,

[To WOLSEY.

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil !) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear : for, upon these taxations, 300
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off

The

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
 And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us, 310
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others: but you frame
 Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
 some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions, 320
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
 They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd 330
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief

C i j

Comes

Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold
mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for 341
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be 350
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not

Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft, 360
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 370
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission : Pray, look to't ;
 I put it to your care. 380

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
 mons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many :

390

The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find 400
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what
you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected 410
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, It was usual with him, every day

It

It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note 420
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ? 430

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Pountney, did of me demand 440
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I reply'd,

Men

Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment: 450
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke), shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.—

Queen. If I know you well, 459
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
 The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dan-
 g'rous for him
 To ruminate on this so far, until 470
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It

It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv.

Surv. After — the duke his father, — with — the
knife— 499

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night, 510
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain,
and Lord SANDS.*

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good, our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For,

For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
 Their very noses had been counsellors 521
 To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
 would take it,
 That never saw them pace before, the spavin
 And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How
 now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Lov. Faith, my lord, 530
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
 monsieurs
 To think an English courtier may be wise,
 And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
 (For so run the conditions) leave these remnants 540
 Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fire-works;
 Abusing

Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men;
 Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away 550
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're
 going 560

(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em); now
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
 Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas, 570
 Whither were you a going?

Lov.

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
deed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where. 580

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in
him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Tho-
mas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be, 590
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to York-Place. Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one Door; at another Door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes you all: This night he dedicates To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad; he would have all as merry As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me. 601

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think, would better please 'em: By my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these! 610

Sands. I would, I were;

They

They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His grace is entring.—Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—

My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies. 620

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies: [Sits.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen, 630

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, and takes his State.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, 640
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands. 650

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drum and Trumpets, Chambers discharg'd.

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [Exit Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd. 660

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;

For

For so they seem : they have left their barge, and
landed ;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French
tongue ;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty 669
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and Tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute
him.*

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty, 679
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

D i i j

They

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that? 710

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,

[To ANNE BULLEN.

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace, 720
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead them once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it. 730

[Exeunt, with Trumpets.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gentleman.

WHITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd? 10

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. 20
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;

Sir

Earl Surrey was sent hither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

60

2 Gen. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment (Tipstaves
before him, the Axe with the Edge toward him; Hal-
berds on each Side), accompanied with Sir THOMAS
LOVEL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM
SANDS, and common People, &c.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

70

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet heaven bear wit-
ness,

And,

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument ! 110

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable, 120
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !

Henry

That angels love good men with ; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

Chamb. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks
'em,

And every true heart weeps for't : All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon 240
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed : 250
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :—

For any suit of pounds : and you, O fate !
A very fresh fish here (fye, fye upon 460
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt :—Have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke ! 470

A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;
No other obligation : By my life,
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess ;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me, 480
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the Habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and St. ASAPH; next them, with some small Distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars; after them, Side by Side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes Place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals, sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes Place, some Distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each Side the Court, in Manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient Order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

490

F i j

Wol.

Wol. Be't so :—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come Into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no Answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet ; then speaks.*

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;
And to bestow your pity on me : for 500
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable : 510
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He

Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify 550
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal——
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Queen. Sir, 560
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge : for it is you 570
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not

At

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now ?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen. Pray their graces

20

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men ; their affairs are righteous :

But, All hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Queen. Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

30

Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here ;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner : 'Would, all other women

Could

SCENE II.

Anti-Chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter Duke of NORFOLK, Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal 200
Cannot stand under them : If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least 210
Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue. 220

Nor.

After his patient's death ; the king already 250
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left 260
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, Amen !

Suf. No, no ; 270
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder !

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and LOVE.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords; 341
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself. 351

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks 360
Possession of a subject.

Nor.

My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing, 420
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power, 430
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty, 440
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken your's.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him Papers.*

H i i j

And,

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY ; the
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ? 450
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil 460
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory, 470
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember 560
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. 570

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude, 580
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf.

How does his highness ?

281

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

290

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband ; let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—

300

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 310
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man. 320

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My lord.—Griffith, farewel.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;—
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over 329
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.]

Lov. My lord, I love you ; 20
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily ; that it may find
Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says 30
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas : You are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two 40
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him : The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue ; And who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gard.

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains'

(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
'em,

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity 280
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority, 290
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make

In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church 390
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure, 401
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

[To CRANMER.

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace—

King.

King. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none. 410

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; 420
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. 430
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me:

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard. Noise and Tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-Garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping. 461

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep 471

On May-day morning; which will never be:

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. 479

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me; but, if I spar'd

M

any,

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the
good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop: 560
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, 570
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, 580
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless
her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with
her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing 590
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness), 600

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven. 611

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop, 620
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord-mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords ;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think 631
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SHAKSPEARE.



TRIOLUS and CRESSIDA.
Come draw this curtain, and let's
see your picture.

Act 3.

Scene 2.

J. M. Moreau, le jeune, Inv.

1785.

N. Le Mire, Scul. 1785.

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